

THE
CHANCES:
A
COMEDY;

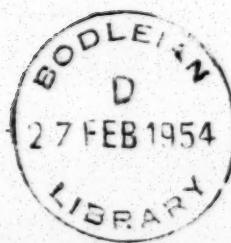
As it is Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL in *Smock-Alley*.

*Written by Beaumont and Fletcher; and al-
tered by his Grace the Duke of Buckingham.*



D U B L I N:

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Cork-Hill, 1751.



PROLOGUE.

O f all Men, those have Reason least to care
 For being laugh'd at, who can laugh their Share;
 And that's a Thing our Author's apt to use
 Upon Occasion, when no Man can chuse.
 Suppose now, at this Instant, one of you
 Were tickled by a Fool, what would you do?
 'Tis ten to one you'd laugh, here's just the Case,
 For there are Fools that tickle with their Face.
 Your gay Fool tickles with his Dress, and Motions,
 But your grave Fool of Fools, with silly Notions.
 Is it not then unjust that Fops should still
 Force one to laugh, and then take laughing ill?
 Yet since perhaps to some it gives Offence,
 That Men are tickled at the Want of Sense;
 Our Author thinks he takes the readiest Way
 To shew all he has laugh'd at here fair play.
 For if ill Writing be a Folly thought,
 Correcting ill is sure a greater Fault.
 Then Gallants laugh, but chuse the right Place first,
 For judging ill is of all Faults the worst.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

D UKE of <i>Ferrara</i> ,	Mr. FALKNER.
<i>Petruchio</i> , Governor of <i>Bologna</i> ,	{ Mr. MAURICE.
D on <i>John</i> ,	{ Two Spanish Gentlemen,
D on <i>Frederick</i> ,	{ and Comrades,
<i>Antonio</i> , an old stout Gentleman, Kinsman to <i>Petruchio</i> ,	{ Mr. SPARKS.
<i>Francisco</i> , a Musician, <i>Antonio</i> 's Boy,	{ Mr. R. ELRINGTON.
P eter,	{ Servants to <i>Don John</i>
<i>Anthony</i> ,	{ and <i>Frederick</i> ,
Three Gentlemen, Friends to the Duke.	Mr. MYNITT.
Two Gentlemen, Friends to <i>Petruchio</i> .	Mr. WATSON.

W O M E N.

1. <i>Constantia</i> , Sister to <i>Petruchio</i> , and Mistress to the	{ Miss COLE.
Duke,	{
2. <i>Constantia</i> , a Mistress to old <i>Antonio</i> ,	{ Mrs. BLAND.
Landlady to <i>Don John</i> and <i>Frederick</i> ,	{ Mrs. MYNITT,
Mother,	Mrs. ROWLEY.
Kinswoman,	Mrs. COPEN.



T H E C H A N C E S.

A C T I S C E N E I.

Enter PETER and ANTHONY, two Serving-Men.

Pet. **W**OULD we were remov'd from this
Town, *Anthony*,
That we might get a little Rest: For
mine own Part,

I'm almost melted with continual Trotting
After Enquiries, Dreams, and Revelations,
Of who the Devil knows whom or what? serve
wenching Soldiers?

I'll serve a Priest in Lent first, and eat Bell-Ropes.

Ant. Thou art the foward'ft Fool —

Pet. Why, good tame *Anthony*?

Tell me but this; to what End came we hither?

Ant. To wait upon our Masters.

Pet. But, how *Anthony*?

Answer me that; resolve me there, good *Anthony*?

Ant. Come, come, all will be mended: This in-
visible Woman

Of infinite Report for Shape and Beauty,
That gave us all this Trouble to no Purpose,
They are determin'd now no more to think on.

Pet. Were there ever
Men known to run mad with Report before?
Or wander after what they know not where
To find? or if found, how to enjoy? Are Men's
Brains

Made now-a-days of Malt, that their Affections

Are never sober? I do believe
 That Men in Love are ever drunk, as drunken Men
 Are ever loving.

Ant. Pr'ythee be thou sober,
 And know, that they are none of those, not guilty
 Of the least Vanity of Love, only a Doubt,
 Fame might too far report, or rather flatter,
 The Graces of this Woman, made them curious
 To find the Truth, which, since they find so
 Lock'd up from their Searches, they are now resolv'd
 To give the Wonder over.

Pet. Would they were resolv'd
 To give me some new Shoes too; for I'll be sworn
 These are e'en worn out
 In their good Worships' Busines; and some Sleep
 Would not do much amiss, unless they mean
 To make a Bell-Man of me: Here they come. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Don JOHN and FREDERICK.

Job. I would we could have seen her tho': For sure
 She must be some rare Creature, or Report lies,
 The Report of all Men too.

Fred. I could well wish I had seen *Constantia*;
 But since she is so conceal'd, plac'd where
 No Knowledge can come near her, so guarded,
 As 'twere impossible, tho' known, to reach her,
 I have made up my Mind.

Job. Hang me from this Hour,
 If I more think upon her,

Fred. 'Tis the best Way:
 But whither are you walking?

Job. My old Round
 After my Meat, and then to Bed.

Fred. 'Tis healthful.

Job. Will you walk?

Fred. I have a little Busines.

Job. I'd lay my Life this Lady still —

Fred. Then you wou'd lose it.

Job. Pr'ythee come with me.

Fred. Not now.

Job. I have something to say to you.

Fred.

Fred. An Hour hence
I will meet ye.

Job. Where?

Fred. I'th' high Street;
For, to speak Truth, I have a few Devotions
To do first, then I am your's.

Job. Remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter PETRUCHIO, ANTONIO, and two Gentlemen.

Ant. Cut his Wind-pipe, I say.

1. Gent. Fie, *Antonio*.

Ant. Or knock his Brains out first, and then forgive
him.

If you do thrust, be sure it be up to th' Hilt,
That a Surgeon may see thro' him.

1. Gent. You are too violent.

2. Gent. Too open, indiscreet.

Petr. Am I not ruin'd?

The Honour of my House crack'd? my Blood poi-
son'd?

My Credit and my Name?

2. Gent. Be sure it be so,

Before ye use this Violence. Let not Doubt
And a suspecting Anger so much sway ye,
Your Wisdom may be call'd in Question.

Ant. I say, kill him,
And then dispute the Cause.

2. Gent. Hang up a true Man,
Because 'tis possible he may be thievish:
Alas! is this good Justice?

Petr. I know as certain
As Day must come again, as clear as Truth,
And open as Belief can lay it to me,
That I am basely wrong'd, wrong'd above Recom-
pence;

Maliciously abus'd, blasted for ever
In Name and Honour, lost to all Remembrance,
But what is smear'd and shameful; I must kill him,
Necessity compels me.

1. Gent.

1. Gent. But think better.

Petr. There is no other Cure left: Yet witness with me,

All that is fair in Man, all that is noble,
I am not greedy of this Life I seek for,
Nor thirst to shed Man's Blood; and would 'twere possible,

I wish it with my Soul,
My Sword could only kill his Crimes; no, 'tis Honour, Honour, my noble Friends, that Idol, Honour,

That all the World now worships, not *Petruchio*,
Must do this Justice.

Ant. Let it once be done,
And 'tis no Matter, whether you or Honour,
Or both, be accessary.

2. Gent. Do you weigh, *Petruchio*,
The Value of the Person, Power, and Greatness,
And what this Spark may kindle?

Petr. To perform it,
So much I am ty'd to Reputation,
And Credit of my House, let it raise wild Fires,
And Storms that toss me into everlasting Ruin,
Yet I must through; if ye dare fide me.

Ant. Dare?

Petr. Y'are Friends, indeed, if not.

2. Gent. Here's none flies from you,
Do it in what Way you please, we'll back ye.

1. Gent. Is the Cause so mortal, that nothing but his Life will satisfy?

Petr. Believe me,

A less Offence has been the Desolation
Of a whole Name.

1. Gent. No other Way to purge it?

Petr. There is, but never to be hop'd for.

2. Gent. Think an Hour more,
And if then ye find no safer Road to guide ye,
We'll set up our Rests too.

Ant. Mine's up already,

And hang him, for my Part, goes less than Life.

Petr. He will sure come. Are ye all well arm'd?

Ant.

The C H A N C E S.

9

Ant. Never fear us.

Here's that will make them dance without a Fiddle.

Petr. We are to look for no weak Foes, my Friends,
Nor unadvised ones.

Ant. Best Gamesters make the best Play,
We shall fight close and home then.

1. Gent. Antonio,

You are a Thought too bloody.

Ant. Why? all Physicians

And Penny Almanacks allow the opening
Of Veins this Month: Why do ye talk of bloody?
What come we for, to fall to Cuffs for Apples?
What, would you make the Cause, a Cudgel-Quarrel?

Petr. Speak softly, gentle Cousin.

Ant. I will speak truly;

What should Men do ally'd to these Disgraces?
Lick o'er his Enemy, fit down, and dance him?

2. Gent. You are as far o' th' Bow Hand now.

Ant. And cry,

That's my fine Boy, thou wilt do so no more, Child.

Petr. Here are no such cold Pities,

Ant. By St. Jaques,

They shall not find me one: Here's old tough *Andrew*,
A special Friend of mine, an he but hold,
I'll strike 'em such a Horn-pipe: Blows I come for,
And a few Lives, if I should lose my own,
Why, farewell, five-and-fifty.

Petr. Let's talk no longer, place yourselves with
Silence,

As I directed ye; and when Time calls us,
As ye are Friends, so shew yourselves.

Ant. So be it.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.'

Enter Don John.

Job. The civil Order of this City, *Naples*,
Makes it belov'd, and honour'd of all Travellers,
As a most safe Retirement in all Troubles; but I see
My Admiration has drawn Night upon me,
And longer to expect my Friend may pull me

Into

Into Suspicion of too late a Stirrer
 Which all good Governments are jealous of.
 I'll home, and think at Liberty: yet certain,
 'Tis not so far Night, as I thought; for see,
 A fair House yet stands open, yet all about it
 Are close; and no Lights stirring: There may be foul
 Play,

I'll venture to look in: If there be Knaves,
 I may do a good Office. [Woman within.]

Within. Signior?

Job. What? how is this?

Within. Signior Fabritio?

Job. I'll go nearer.

Within. Fabritio?

*Job. This is a Woman's Tongue: Here may be
 some Sport.*

Within. Who's there? Fabritio?

Job. I.

Within. Where are you?

Job. Here.

Within. O come, for Heaven's Sake!

Job. I must see what this means.

Enter Woman with a Child.

*Within. I have stay'd this long Hour for you, make
 no Noise,*
 For Things are in strange Trouble here, be secret,
 'Tis worth your Care; be gone now, more Eyes
 watch us,

Than may be safe for us.

Job. Hark ye?

Within. Peace. Good Night. [Exit.]

*Job. She's gone, and I am loaden;
 It weighs well, and it feels well; it may chance
 To be some Pack of Worth: By th' Mass 'tis heavy;
 If it be Coin or Jewels, it is worth Welcome:
 I'll ne'er refuse a Fortune: I am confident
 'Tis of no common Price: Now to my Lodging:
 If it be right, I'll bless this Night.* [Exit.]

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

Enter Duke and three Gentlemen.

1. Gent. Believe, Sir, 'tis as possible to do it,
As to remove the City; the main Faction
Swarm thro' the Streets like *Hornets*, and with Angers
Able to ruin States, no Safety left us,
Nor Means to die like Men, if instantly
You draw not back again.

Duk. May he be drawn,
And quarter'd too, that turns now; were I surer
Of Death, than thou art of thy Fears.

1. Gent. Sir, I fear not.

Duk. I would not break my Vow, start from my
Honor,

Because I may find Danger; wound my Soul,
To keep my Body safe.

1. Gent. I speak not, Sir,
Out of a Baseness to ye.

Duk. No, nor do not,
Out of a Baseness, leave me: What is Danger
More than the Weakness of our Apprehensions?
A poor cold Part o' th' Blood? Whom takes it hold of;
Cowards and wicked Livers: Valiant Minds
Were made the Masters of it, and as hearty Sea-men
In desperate Storms, stem, with a little Rudder,
The tumbling Ruins of the Ocean,
So with their Cause and Swords do they stem Dangers.
Were we sure all to die in this Adventure,
(As I am confident against it) is there any
Amongst us, of so gross a Sense, so pamper'd,
Would chuse luxuriously to lie a-bed,
And purge away his Spirit, send his Soul out
In Sugar-sops, and Syrups? Give me dying,
As dying ought to be, upon mine Enemy,
Let 'em be all the World; and bring along
Cain's Envy with 'em, I will on.

1. Gent. You may, Sir,
But with what Safety?
Since 'tis come to dying,
You shall perceive, that here be those amongst us

Can

22 *The CHANCES.*

Can die as decently as other Men,
And with as little Ceremony: 'On-brave Sir.

Duk. That's spoken heartily.

I. Gent. And he that flinches,
May he die miserable.

Duk. No more dying,
There's no such Danger in't:
What's o'Clock?

I. Gent. Somewhat above your Hour.

Duk. Away then quickly,
And fear no Danger.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Enter Don John.

Job. Was ever Man so pay'd for being curious?
Ever so bob'd for searching out Adventures,
As I am? Did the Devil lead me? Must I needs be
peeping

Into Men's Houses where I had no Busines,
And make myself a Mischief? 'Tis mighty well!
I must take another Man's Name upon me,
And be I know not whom: 'Sdeath, have I
Known Wenches thus long, all the Ways of Wenches,
Their Snares and Subtleties?

And am I caught at last?
Caught the common Way, i' th' Night too,
Under another's Name, to make the Matter
Carry more Weight about it? Well, Don John,
You will be wiser one Day: Why, it would never
grieve me,

If I had got this Ginger-bread: 't had been Justice,
Then to have kept it; but to raise a Dairy
For other Men's Adulteries, consume myself in Can-
dles,

And scouring Work, in Nurses, Bells, and Babies,
Only for Charity, for meer I thank you,
A little troubles me:

Whose e'er it is, sure 't had a wealthy Mother,
For 'tis well cloath'd, and if I be not cozen'd,
Well lin'd within: To leave it here were barbarous,

And

And ten to one would kill it: a worse Sin
 Than his that got it: Well, I will dispose on't,
 And keep it, as they keep Death's Heads in Rings,
 To cry *Memento* to me; no more peeping:
 Now all the Difficulty, is, to satisfy
 The good old Gentlewoman, at whose House we live,
 For she will fall upon me with a Catechism
 Of four Hours long: I must endure it all;
 For I will know this Mother: Come, good Wonder,
 Let you and I be jogging; your starv'd Treble
 Will waken the rude Watch else: All that be
 Curious Night-walkers, may they find my Fee. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. Sure he's gone Home:
 I have beaten all the Purlews,
 But cannot bolt him.

Enter 1. CONSTANTIA.

1. *Con.* I am ready,
 And thro' a World of Dangers am flown to ye,
 Be full of Haste and Care, we are undone else:
 Where are your People? Which way must we travel?
 For Heaven's Sake, stay not here, Sir.

Fred. What may this mean?
 1. *Con.* Alas, I am mistaken, lost, undone!
 Sir, for Heaven's Sake tell me,
 Are ye a Gentleman?

Fred. I am.1. *Con.* Of this Place?*Fred.* No, born in Spain.

1. *Con.* As ever you lov'd Honour,
 As ever your Desires may gain their Ends,
 Do a poor wretched Woman but this Benefit,
 For I am forc'd to trust ye.

Fred. Y'ave charm'd me,
 Humanity and Honour bid me help ye;
 And if I fail your Trust—

1. *Con.* The Time's too dangerous
 To stay your Protestations: I believe ye,

Alas, I must believe ye: From this Place,
 Good noble Sir, remove me instantly.
 And for a Time, where nothing but yourself,
 And honest Conversation may come near me,
 In some secure Place settle me. What I am,
 And why thus boldly I commit my Credit
 Into a Stranger's Hand, at more Leisure, I shall reveal
 unto you.

Fred. Fear not, Madam,
 He must strike through my Life that takes
 You from me.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Don JOHN and his Landlady.

Land. Nay, Son, if this be your Regard.

Joh. Good Mother.

Land. Good me no Goods, your Cousin and your-
 self

Are welcome to me, whilst you bear yourselves
 Like honest and true Gentlemen: Bring hither
 To my House, that have ever been reputed
 A Gentlewoman of a decent and a fair Carriage,
 And so behaved myself?

Joh. I know you have.

Land. Bring hither, as I say, to make my Name
 Stink in my Neighbours' Nostrils? Your Devices,
 Your Brats got out of Alicant and broken Oaths?
 Your Linsey-wolsey Work, your Hasty-Puddings?
 I foster up your filch'd Iniquities?
 You are deceiv'd in me, Sir,
 I am none of those Receivers.

Joh. Have I not sworn to you,
 'Tis none of mine, and told you, how I found it?

Land. Ye found an easy Fool that let you get it.

Joh. Will you hear me?

Land. Oaths? What care you for Oaths to gain
 your Ends,
 When ye are high and pamper'd? What Saint know
 ye?

Or what Religion, but your purpos'd Lewdness,
 Is to be look'd for of ye? Nay,

You

You will then swear like accus'd Cut-purses,
As far off Truth too; and lie beyond all Falconers:
I'm sick to see this Dealing.

Job. Heaven forbid. Mother.

Land. Nay, I am very sick.

Job. Who waits there?

Pet. Sir? [Within.]

Job. Bring down the Bottle of *Canary* Wine.

Land. Exceeding sick, Heaven help me.

Job. Haste, Sirrah,

I must e'en make her drunk; nay, gentle Mother.

Land. Now fie upon ye, was it for this Purpose
You fetch'd your Evening-Walks for your Devotions,
For this pretended Holiness? No Weather,
Not before Day, could hold ye from the Mattins.
Were these your bo-peep Pray'rs? y'ave pray'd well,
And with a learn'd Zeal, watch'd well too; your Saint
It seems was pleas'd as well: O! sick, sick, very sick!

Enter PETER, with a Bottle of Wine.

Job. There is no talking to her 'till I have drench'd
her.

Give it me: Here, Mother, take a good round Draught,
'Twill purge Spleen from your Spirits:
Deeper, Mother.

Land. I, I, Son; you imagine this will mend all.

Job. All, i'faith, Mother.

Land. I confess the Wine
Will do his Part.

Job. I'll pledge ye.

Land. But, Son *John*.

Job. I know your Meaning, Mother; take another
Glaſs.

Alas, you look not well, take a round Draught,
It warms the Blood well, and restores the Colour,
And then we'll talk at large.

Land. A civil Gentleman?

A Stranger? one the Town holds a good Regard of?

Job. Come, come, another.

Land. One that should weigh his fair Name? oh a
Stitch!

Job. There's nothing better for a Stitch, good Mother, than good *Canary*.

Come, never mince the Matter; off with it.

Land. As I said, a Gentleman, Lodge in my House? now Heaven's my Comfort *Signior!*

Job. So now she grows godly.

Land. I did not think you would have us'd me thus: A Woman of my Credit: One, Heaven knows, That loves you but too tenderly.

Job. Dear Mother, I ever found your Kindness, and acknowledge it.

Land. No, no, I am a Fool to counsel ye. Where's the Infant?

Come, let's see your Workmanship.

Job. None of mine, Mother; But there 'tis, and a lusty one.

Land. Heaven bless thee, Thou hadst a hafty Making; but the best is, 'Tis many a good Man's Fortune; as I live, Your own Eyes, *Signior*; and the nether Lip As like ye, as ye had spit it.

Job. I am glad on't.

Land. Bless me, what Things are these?

Job. I thought my Labour Was not all lost, 'tis Gold, and these are Jewels, Both rich, and right, I hope.

Land. Well, well, Son *John*, I see ye're a Wood-man, and can chuse Your Deer, tho' it be i' th' Dark, all your Discretion Is not yet lost; this was well clap'd aboard: Here I am with ye now, when, as they say, Your Pleasure comes with Profit.

Job. All this Time, Mother, The Child wants looking to, wants Meat and Nurses.

Land. Now Blessing o' thy Heart; it shall have all, And instantly; I'll seek a Nurse myself, Son, 'Tis a sweet Child: Ah my young *Spaniard*, Take you no further Care, Sir.

Job. Yes, of these Jewels, I must, by your good Leave, Mother: these are your's,

To make your Care the stronger: For the rest,
I'll find a Master; the Gold for bringing up on't
I freely render to your Charge.

Land. No more Words,
Nor no more Children, good Son, as you love me;
This may do well.

Job. I shall observe your Lesson.
But where's Don Frederick, Mother?

Land. Ten to one
About the like Adventure: He told me
He was to seek you out.

[Exit.]

Job. Why should he stay, thus?
There may be some ill Chance in't: I'll not sleep
Before I have found him.

[Exit.]

SCENE VIII.

Enter FREDERICK and ANTHONY *with a Candle.*

Fred. Give me the Candle: So, go you out that
Way.

Ant. What have we now to do?

Fred. And o' your Life, Sirrah,
Let none come near the Door without my Knowledge;
No not my Landlady nor my Friend.

Ant. 'Tis done, Sir.

Fred. Nor any serious Busines that concerns me.

Ant. Is the Wind there again?

Fred. Be gone.

Ant. I am, Sir.

[Exit.]

Fred. Now enter without Fear.—

Enter 1. CONSTANTIA *with a Jewel.*

And noble Lady, your own Desires and Innocence,
Joyn'd to my vow'd Obedience, shall protect ye.

L. Con. Ye are truly noble,
And worth a Woman's Trust: Let it become me,
(I do beseech you, Sir,) for all your Kindness,
To render with my Thanks this worthless Triflfe;
I may be longer troublesome.

Fred. Fair Offices
Are still their own Rewards:

Draw but that Cloud aside, to satisfy me
For what good Angel I am engag'd.

1. Con. I'll do it:

For I am truly confident ye are honest:
The Piece is scarce worth looking on.

Fred. Trust me,

The Abstract of all Beauty, Soul of Sweetness, noble
Lady,

If there be any further Service to cast on me,
Let it be worth my Life, so much I honour ye,
Or the Engagement of whole Families.

1. Con. Your Service is too liberal, worthy Sir.
Thus far I shall intreat.

Fred. Command me, Lady,
You make your Power too poor.

1. Con. That presently
With all convenient Haste you would retire
Unto the Street you found me in.

Fred. 'Tis done.

1. Con. There if you find a Gentleman oppres'd
With Force and Violence, do a Man's Office,
And draw your Sword to rescue him.

Fred. He's safe.

Be what he will, and let his Foes be Devils,
Arm'd with your Beauty, I shall conjure 'em.
Retire, this Key will guide ye; all Things necessary
are there before ye.

1. Con. All my Prayers go with ye.

Fred. Ye clap on Proof upon me: Men say, Gold
Does all, engages all, works through all Dangers:
Now, I say, Beauty can do more.

O! may my Service, my Affection prove,
And move her Heart, thro' Gratitude, to Love.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Duke, pursued by PETRUCHIO, ANTONIO, and that Faction.

Duk. Y O U will not all oppress me?

Ant. Kill him, kill him: Let me come to him.

Duk. Then you shall buy me dearly.

Petr. Say you so, Sir?

Ant. I say, cut his Wezand, spoil his peeping: Have at your love-fick Heart, Sir.

Enter Don JOHN.

Job. Ha! fighting!
My Friend may be engag'd: Fie, Gentlemen,
This is unmanly Odds. [Duke falls; Don John
bestrides him.

Ant. I'll stop your Mouth, Sir

Job. Nay, then have at you;
There's a Plumb, Sir, to satisfy your Longing.

Petr. Away; I hope I have sped him.

Ant. I must have one Thrust more, Sir.

Job. Come on, Sir.

Ant. A Mischief confound your Fingers.

Petr. How is it?

Ant. Well:

'Has given me my *Quietus* eft; I felt him
In my small Guts, I'm sure 'has feez'd me:
This comes of siding with you.

2. Gent. Can you go, Sir?

Ant. I should go, Man, and my Head were off,
Never talk of going.

Petr. Come, all shall be well then.

I hear them coming. [Trampling within.

Enter the Duke.

Ant. Let's turn back then;
My Scull's uncloven yet, let me but kill one.

Petr.

Petr. Away, for Heaven's Sake, with him.

[Exeunt Antonio, Petruchio, &c.

Job. How is it?

Duk. Well, Sir,

Only a little stagger'd.

Job. Are you safe then?

Duk. My Thanks to you brave Sir, whose timely
Valour,

And manly Courtesy, came to my Rescue.

Job. Ye had foul Play offer'd ye, and Shame beset
him

That can pass by Oppression.

Duk. May I crave, Sir,
But thus much Honour more, to know your Name?
And him I am so bound to?

Job. For the Obligation, Sir,
'Tis every good Man's Tie: To know me further,
Will little profit ye; I am a Stranger,
My Country, Spain, my Name, Don John, a Gen-
tleman

That came abroad to travel.

Duk. I have heard, Sir,
Much worthy Mention of ye, yet I find
Fame short of what ye are.

Job. You are pleased, Sir,
To compliment: May I demand
As freely what you are, and what Mischance
Threw you into this Danger?

Duk. For the present,
I must desire your Pardon: You shall know me
E'er it be long, Sir, and a nobler Thanks,
Than now my Will can render.

What is't you look for, Sir? have you lost any Thing?

Job. Only my Hat i' th' Scuffle; sure these Fellows
Were Night-Robbers.

Duk. No, believe me, Sir: Pray use mine,
For 'twill be hard to find your own now.

Job. Excuse me, Sir.

Duk. Indeed ye shall, I can command another:
I do beseech you honour me,

Job,

Job. Well, Sir, then I will,
And so I'll take my Leave.

Duk. Within these few Days,
I hope I shall be happy in your Knowledge.
'Till when, I love your Memory.

[Exit.]

Job. I, your's.

Enter FREDERICK.

This is some noble Fellow.

Fred. 'Tis his Tongue sure,
Don John?

Job. Don Frederick?

Fred. Y'are fairly met, Sir?
I thought ye had been a Bat-fowling: Pr'ythee tell me,
What strange Adventures haft thou had To-night,
That Home was never thought of?

Job. Adventures!
I'll tell thee, Frederick. But before I tell thee,
Settle thy Understanding.

Fred. 'Tis prepar'd, Sir.

Job. Why then mark what shall follow.
This Night, Frederick,
This bawdy Night.

Fred. I thought no less.

Job. This blind Night,
What dost thou think I have got?

Fred. The Wages of Lewdness, I suppose.

Job. Would it were no worse.

Job. What is't?
Thou hast lost nothing?

Job. No, I have got, I tell thee.

Fred. What haft thou got?

Job. One of the Infantry, a Child.

Fred. How?

Job. A chopping Child, Man.

Fred. Give you Joy, Sir.

Job. A Lump of Lewdness, Frederick, that's the
Truth on't:

This Town's abominable.

Fred. I still told ye, John,
Your Whoring must come Home;

Ecoun-

I counsel'd ye:
But where no Grace is—

Job. 'Tis none of mine, Man.

Fred. Answer the Parish so.

Job. Cheated, bit by *Jupiter*:
Peeping into a House, by whom I know not,
Nor where to find the Place again: No, *Frederick*,
'Tis no poor one,
That's my best Comfort, for 't has brought about it
Enough to make it Man.

Fred. Where is 't?

Job. At Home.

Fred. A saving Voyage: But what will you say,
Signior,

To him that searching out your serious Worship,
Has met a stranger Fortune?

Job. How, good *Frederick*?
A militant Girl to this Boy would hit it.

Fred. No, mine's a nobler Venture: What do you
think, Sir,
Of a distres'd Lady, one, whose Beauty
Would over-sell all *Italy*?

Job. Where is she—

Fred. A Woman of that rare Behaviour,
So qualify'd, as Admiration.
Dwells round about her: of that perfect Spirit—

Job. I marry.

Fred. That admirable Carriage,
That Sweetness in Discourse; young as the Morning,
Her Blushes lovelier far—

Job. But where's this Creature?
Where is she?

Fred. That's all one, she's forth-coming,
I have her sure, Boy.

Job. Hark ye, *Frederick*,
What Boot betwixt my Infant?

Fred. 'Tis too light, Sir,
Stick to your Charge, good Don *Job*, I am content.

Job. But, is there such a Wench?

Fred. First tell me this,
Did you not lately, as you walk'd along,

Discover People that were armed and likely
To do Offence?

Job. Yes marry, and they urg'd it
As far as they had Spirit.

Fred. Tell me how.

Job. A Gentleman I found engag'd amongst 'em,
It seems of noble Breeding, I'm sure brave Metal,
As I return'd to look you, I took his Part,
And without Hurt, (I thank Heaven,) rescu'd him.

Fred. My Work's done then:
And now to satisfy you there is a Woman,
Oh *John*, there is a Woman—

Job. Oh, where is she?

Fred. And one of no less Worth than I told ye;
And which is more, fall'n under my Protection.

Job. I am glad of that.

Fred. And which is more than that, by this Night's
Wand'ring,
And which is most of all, she's at Home too, Sir.

Job. Come, let's go Home then.

Fred. Yes, but 'tis most certain,
You cannot see her, *John*.

Job. Why?

Fred. She has sworn me,
That none else shall come near her: not my Mother,
'Till some Doubts are clear'd.

Job. Not see her? What Chamber is she in?

Fred. In our's.

Job. Let's go, I say:

A Woman's Oaths are Wafers, break with Making,
They must for Modesty a little: We all know it.

Fred. No, I'll assure ye, Sir.

Job. Not see her?

I smell an old Dog-Trick of your's. Well, *Frederick*,
Ye talk'd to me of Whoring, let's have fair Play,
Square Dealing I insist on.

Fred. When 'tis come
(Which I know never will be) to that Issue,
Your Spoon shall be as deep as mine, Sir.

Job. Tell me,
And tell me true, is the Cause honourable?
Or for your Ease?

Fred.

24 *The CHANCES.*

Fred. By all our Friendship, *John*,
"Tis honest and of great End.

Job. I am answer'd:
But let me see her tho': Leave the Door open
As you go in.

Fred. I dare not.

Job. Not wide open,
But just so, as a jealous Husband
Would level at his wanton Wife through.

Fred. That Courtesy,
If ye desire no more, and keep it strictly,
I dare afford ye: Come, 'tis now near Morning.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

"Enter *PETER* and *ANTHONY*.

Pet. Nay, the old Woman's gone too.

Ant. She's a Catterwauling
Amongt the Gutters; but conceive me, *Peter*,
Where our good Masters should be?

Pet. Where they should be,
I do conceive, but where they are, good *Anthony*—

Ant. I, there it goes: my Master's bo-peep with
me,

With his fly Popping in and out again,
Argu'd a Cause.

[*Lute sounds.*]

Hark.

Pet. What?

Ant. Dost thou hear a Lute?

Again?

Pet. Where is't?

Ant. Above, in my Master's Chamber.

Pet. There's no Creature: He hath the Key him-
self, Man.

Ant. This is his Lute: Let him have it. [Sing with-
in a little.

Pet. I grant ye; but who strikes it?

Ant. An admirable Voice too, hark ye.

Pet. *Anthony*,

[*Song.*]

Art sure we are at Home?

Ant. Without all Doubt, *Peter*.

Pet.

Pet. Then this must be the Devil.

Ant. Let it be.

Good Devil sing again : O dainty Devil,

Pet. Believe it, a most delicate Devil,
The sweetest Devil.—

Enter FREDERICK and DON JOHN.

Fred. If you would leave peeping.

Job. I must have one peep.

Fred. Then come in softly,

And as you love your Faith, presume no further
Than ye have promised.

Job. Here's my Hand.

Fred. What make you up so early, Sir ?

Job. You, Sir, in your Contemplations.

Pet. O pray ye Peace, Sir.

Fred. Why Peace, Sir ?

Pet. Do ye hear ?

Job. 'Tis your Lute. She's playing on't.

Ant. The House is haunted, Sir,
For this we have heard this half Hour.

Fred. Ye saw nothing ?

Ant. Not I.

Pet. Nor I, Sir.

Fred. Get you our Breakfast then,
And take no Notice; we'll undertake this Spirit,
If it be one.

Ant. This is no Devil, Peter.
Mum, there be Bats abroad.

Fred. Stay, now she sings.

[Song.]

Job. An Angel's Voice I'll swear.

Fred. Why dost thou shrug so ?

Either allay this Heat; or as I live
I will not trust ye.

Job. Forward, Forward, never fear me.

[Exeunt.]

Enter I. CONSTANTIA.

I. CON. To curse those Stars that Men say go-
vern us,
To rail at Fortune, to fall out with Fate,

C

And

26 *The CHANCES.*

And tax the general World, will help me nothing :
Alas, I am the same still, neither are they
Subject to Helps, or Hurts ; our own Desires
Are our own Fates, and our Stars, all our Fortunes,
Which as we sway 'em, so abuse or bless us.

Enter FREDERICK and Don JOHN Peeping.

Fred. Peace to your Meditations.

Job. Pox upon ye.
Stand out o'th' Light.

i. Con. I ask your Pardon, Sir,
My mind o'er charg'd with Care made me unman-
nerly.

Fred. Pray ye set that Mind at Rest, all shall be
well.

Job. I like well her Body, a handsome Body,
A wondrous handsome Body ; would she would turn
about.

See, and that spightful Puppy be not got
Between me and my Light.

Fred. 'Tis done,
As all that you command shall be : The Gentleman
Is safe from Danger.

Job. Rare Creature !

i. Con. How shall I thank ye, Sir ?

Fred. Speak softly, gentle Lady, all's rewarded,
Now does he melt like Marmalad.

Job. Nay 'tis certain.
Thou art the sweetest Woman that Eyes e'er look'd on.

Fred. I hope None disturb'd ye.

i. Con. Not any, Sir, nor any Sound came near
me,
I thank your Care.

Fred. He'll break all Bounds and enter ;
Pull in your Head and be hang'd.

Job. Hark ye, *Frederick*,
Here's one wants to speak with you.

Fred. Pox upon ye.

i. Con. Nay, let him enter : fie my Lord, the
Duke,
Stand peeping at your Friends.

Fred.

Fred. Ye are cozen'd, Lady,
Here is no Duke.

I. Con. I know him full well, *Signior.*

Job. Hold thee there Wench.

Fred. This mad-brain'd Fool will spoil all.

I. Con. I do beseech your Grace come in.

Job. My Grace,
There was a Word of Comfort.

Fred. Shall he enter,
Who e'er he be?

Job. Well push'd, *Frederick.*

I. Con. With all my Heart.

Enter Don JOHN.

Fred. Come in then.

Job. Bleſs ye, Lady.

Fred. Nay, start not, though he be a Stranger to ye:
He's of a Noble Strain, my Kinsman, Lady,
My Countryman, and Fellow-Traveller,
One End contains us ever, one Purſe feeds us,
And one Faith free between us; do not fear him,
He's truly Honest.

Job. That's a Lie.

Fred. And truly

Beyond your Wishes: valiant to defend,
And modest to converse with, as your Blushes.

Job. Now may I hang myself; this Commendation
Has broke the Neck of all my Hopes; for now
Must I cry, no forsooth, and I forsooth, and surely,
And truly as I live, and as I am an honest Man
He has done this on purpose, for he knows,
Like a most envious Rascal as he is,
He's watch'd his time,
But I shall quit him.

I. Con. Sir, I believe ye.

Fred. Go, ſalute her, *Job.*

Job. Plague o' your Commendations.

I. Con. Sir, I shall now desire to be a trouble.

Job. Never to me, sweet Lady; thus I ſeal
My Faith, and all my Service.

I. Con. One word, *Signior.*

Job. Now 'tis impossible I should be honest.
What points she at? My Leg I warrant, or
My well-knit Body: Sit fast, Don *Frederick*.

Fred. It was given him by that Gentleman
You took such care of; his own being lost i'th' Scuffle.

1. Con. With much Joy may he wear it: 'tis a
right one
I can assure ye Gentlemen; and right happy
May he be in all Fights for that noble Service.

Fred. Why do ye blush?

1. Con. It had almost cozened me,
For to speak Truth, when I saw that, I look'd for
Another owner of it; but 'tis well.

Fred. Who's there? [Knock within.
You had best retire a while: come in, Sir.

[Exit.]

Enter ANTHONY.

Now what's the News with you?

Ant. There is a Gentleman without,
Would speak with Don *John*.

Job. Who, Sir?

Ant. I do not know, Sir, but he seems a Man
Of no mean reckoning.

Fred. Let him tell his Name,
And then return a little wiser.

[Exit *Ant.*]

How do you like her, *John*?

Job. As well as you, *Frederick*,
For all I am Honest; you shall find it too.

Fred. Art thou not Honest?

Job. Art thou not an Ass?
And modest as her blushes? What a Blockhead
Would e'er popp'd out such a dry Apology,
For his dear Friend? and to a Gentleman,
A Woman of her Youth, and Delicacy,
They are Arguments to draw them to abhor us.
An honest moral Man; 'tis for a Constable:
A handsome Man, a wholesome Man, a tough Man,
A liberal Man, a likely Man,
These had been things to harken to, things catching;
But you have such a spiced Consideration,

Such

Such Qualms upon your Worship's Conscience,
And nothing but fair Honour, O sweet Honour,
Hang up your Eunuch, Honour : That I was trusty,
And valiant, were things well put in ; but modest !
A modest Gentleman ! O curse your Modesty.

Fred. I'll mend it, | *Jobn.*
And henceforth ye shall have your due.

Enter ANTHONY.

Job. I look for't : how now, who is't ?
Ant. A gentleman of this City,
And calls himself *Petruchio*.

Job. I'll attend him.

Enter 1. CONSTANTIA.

1. Con. How did he call himself ?
Fred. Petruchio,
Does it concern ye ought ?

1. Con. O Gentlemen,
The Hour of my Destruction is come on me,
I am discover'd, lost, left to my ruin :
As ever you had Pity —

Job. Do not fear,
Let the great Devil come, he shall come through me
first :
Lost here, and we about ye ?

Fred. Fall before us ?
1. Con. O my unfortunate Estate, all Angers
Compar'd to his, to his —

Fred. Let his, and all Men's,
Whil'st we have Power and Life, stand up for Hea-
ven's sake,

1. Con. I have offended Heaven too ; yet Hea-
ven knows —

Job. We are all evil :
Yet Heaven forbid we should have our deserts.
What is he ?

1. Con. Too, too near to my offence, Sir :
O he will cut me Piece-meal.

Fred. 'Tis no Treason ?

Job. Let it be what it will : if he cut here,
I'll find him cut-work.

Fred. He must buy you dear,
With more than common Lives.

Job. Fear not, nor weep not :
By Heaven I'll fire the Town before ye perish,
And then the more the merrier, we'll jog with ye.

Fred. Come in, and dry your Eyes.

Job. Pray no more weeping :
Spoil a sweet Face for nothing ? my return
Shall end all this I warrant ye.

1. *Con.* Heaven grant it may.

S C E N E III.

Enter PETRUCHIO with a Letter.

Petr. This Man should be of Quality and Worth
By Don *Alvara*'s Letter, for he gives
No slight Recommendations of him :
I'll e'en make use of him.

Enter DON JOHN.

Job. Save ye, Sir : I am sorry
My Busines was so unmannerly, to make ye
Wait thus long here.

Petr. Occasions must be serv'd, Sir :
But is your Name Don *John* ?

Job. It is, Sir :

Petr. Then,
First for your own brave sake I must embrace ye :
Next, for the Credit of your noble Friend
Hernanda de Alvara, make ye mine :
Who lays his Charge upon me in this Letter
To look ye out, and
Whil'st your Occasions make you resident
In this Place, to supply ye, love and honour ye ;
Which had I known sooner —

Job. Noble, Sir,
You'll make my thanks too poor : I wear a Sword, Sir,
And have a Service to be still dispos'd of
As you shall please command it.

etr.

Petr. That manly Courtesy is half my Business : Sir,
And to be short, to shew you that I honour ye,
And in all Points believe your Worth,
This Day, *Petruchio*,
A Man that may command the Strength of this Place,
Hazard the boldest Spirits, hath made Choice
Only of you, and in a noble Office.

Job. Go on, Sir, I am ready to embrace it.

Petr. Thus then :
I do beseech ye mark me.

Job. I shall, Sir.

Petr. *Ferrara's Duke*, would I might call him
worthy,
But that Title, he has raz'd from out his Family,
As from mine too, with Infamy : This Man,
Rather this powerful Monster, we being left
But two of all our House, to stock our Memoirs,
My Sister *Constantia* and myself, with Arts and Witch-
crafts,

Vows, and such Oaths, Heaven has no mercy for,
Drew to dishonour this weak Maid, by Stealth,
And secret Passages I knew not of,
Oft he obtain'd his Wishes, oft abus'd her,
I am ashamed to say the rest ; this purchas'd,
And his hot Blood allay'd, he left her,
And all our Name to ruin.

Job. This was foul play,
And ought to be rewarded so.

Petr. I hope so ;
He 'scap'd me Yester-night :
Which if he dare again Adventure for —

Job. Pray, Sir, what Commands have you to lay on
me ?

Petr. Only thus ; by word of mouth to carry him
A Challenge from me, that so (if he have honour in
him)

We may decide all difference between us.

Job. Fair, and noble,
And I will do it home : when shall I visit ye ?

Petr. Please you this Afternoon, I will ride with
ye ;

For

For at a Castle six Miles hence, we are sure
To find him.

Job. I'll be ready.

Petr. My Man shall

Wait here, to Conduct ye to my House.

Job. I shall not fail ye, Sir. [Exit Petruchio.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. How now?

Job. Ali's well, and better than thou could'st expect, for this Wench here is certainly no Maid; and I have hopes she is the same that our two curious Coxcombs have been so long a hunting after.

Job. Why do you hope so?

Job. Why? because first she is no Maid, and next because she's handsome; there are two Reasons for you: now do you find out a third, a better if you can. For take this, *Frederick*, for a certain Rule, since she loves the Sport, she'll never give it over. And therefore (if we have good Luck) in Time she may fall to our Shares.

Job. Very pretty Reasons indeed. But I thought you had known some particular that made you conclude this to be the Woman.

Job. Yes, I know her Name is *Constantia*.

Job. That now is something; but I cannot believe her dishonest for all this: She has not one loose Thought about her.

Job. It's no Matter, she's loose i'th' hilts by Heaven.

Job. It may be so.

Job. And will be, *Frederick*, whil'st the old Game's afoot. I fear the Boy too will prove her's I took up.

Job. Good Circumstance may cure all this yet.

Job. There thou hit'st it, *Frederick*, come let's walk in, and comfort her; that she is here, is nothing yet suspected. Anon, I shall tell thee, why her Brother came, (who by this Light is a noble Fellow) and what Honour he has done to me, a Stranger, in calling me to serve him. There be Irons heating for some on my word, *Frederick*. [Exit.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Landlady and ANTHONY.

Land. Come, Sir, who is it keeps your Master Company.

Ant. I say to you, Don John.

Land. I say what Woman?

Ant. I say so too.

Land. I say again I will know.

Ant. I say 'tis fit you should.

Land. And I tell thee he has a Woman here.

Ant. I tell thee 'tis then the better for him.

Land. Was ever Gentlewoman

So frumpt off with a Fool? well sawey Sirrah,
I will know who it is, and to what purpose;
I pay the Rent, and I will know how my House
Comes by these Inflammations: if this geer hold,
Best hang a Sign-post up, to tell the Signiors,
Here ye may have Lewdness at Livery.

Enter FREDERICK.

Ant. 'Twould be a great ease to your Age.

Fred. How now?

Why what's the matter, Landlady?

Land. What's the matter?

Ye use me decently among ye, Gentlemen.

Fred. Who has abus'd her, you Sir?

Land. Odd's my Witness

I will not be thus treated, that I will not.

Ant. I gave her no ill Language.

Land. Thou liest lewdly.

Thou took'st me up at every Word I spoke,
As I had been a Mawkin, a fift Gillian;
And thou think'st, because thou can't Write and Read,
Our Noses must be under thee.

Fred. Dare you, Sirrah?

Ant.

Ant. Let but the Truth be known, Sir, I beseech ye,

She raves of Wenches, and I know not what, Sir.

Land. Go to, thou know'st too well, thou wicked Varlet,

Thou Instrument of Evil.

Ant. As I live, Sir, she's ever thus 'till Dinner.

Fred. Get ye in, I'll answer you anon, Sir. [Exit Ant. Now your Grief, what is't? But I can guess.—

Land. Ye may, with Shame enough,
If there were Shame amongst ye; nothing thought on,
But how ye may abuse my House: not satisfied
With bringing Home your Bastards to undo me,
But you must bring your Whores here too; my patience
Because I bear, and bear, and carry all,
And as they say (am willing to groan under)
Must be your make-sport now.

Fred. No more of these Words,
And bear yourself discreetly to this Woman,
For such a-one there is indeed.

Land. 'Tis well, Son.

Fred. Leave off your Devil's Mattins, and your
Humours,

Or we shall leave our Lodgings.

Land. You have much need
To use these vagrant Ways, and too much profit:
Ye had that might content
(At home within yourselves too) right good Gentle-
men,
Wholesome, and ye said handsome. But you, Gallants,
Beast that I was to believe ye —

Fred. Leave your suspicion:
For as I live there's no fuch Thing.

Land. Mine Honour;
And 'twere not for mine Honour.

Fred. Come, your Honour,
Your House, and you too, if you dare believe me,
Are well enough: When you know her
You will find your own Fault; no more Words, but
do it.

Land. You know you may command me.

Enter Don JOHN.

Job. Worshipful Lady, give me thy Hand ;
By this Hand thou look'st most amiably.

Land. You'll leave this Ropery,
When ye come to my Years.

Job. By this light,
Thou art not above fifteen yet, a meer Girl,
Thou haft not half thy Teeth —

Fred. Pr'ythee, *John*
Let her alone, she has been vexed already :
She'll grow stark mad, Man.

Job. I wou'd fain see her mad,
An old mad Woman —
Is like a Miller's Mare troubled wi'th' Tooth-ach.
She makes the rarest Faces.

Fred. Go, and do it,
And do not mind this Fellow.

[Exit *Landlady* and comes back again presently.]

Job. What, again !
Nay, then it is decreed : Though Hills were set on
Hills,

And Seas met Seas, to guard thee, I would through.

Land. Odd's my Witness, if ye ruffle me, I'll spoil
your sweet Face for you, that I will. Go, go to the
Door there's a Gentleman there would speak with ye.

Job. Upon my Life Petruchio ; good dear Land-
lady carry him into the Dining-Room, and I'll wait up-
on him presently.

Land. Well Don, *John*, the Time will come that
I shall be even with you. [Exit *Landlady*.]

Job. I must be gone : yet if my Project hold,
You shall not stay behind : I'll rather trust
A Cat with sweet Milk, *Frederick* ; by her Face.

Enter 1. CONSTANTIA.

I feel her Fears are working.

1. *Con.* Is there no way,
I do beseech ye think yet, to divert
This certain Danger,

Fred.

Fred. 'Tis impossible :
Their Honours are engag'd.

1. *Con.* Then there must be Murder,
Which Gentlemen, I shall no sooner hear of,
Then make one in't : You may, if you please, Sir,
Make matters up.—

Job. Lady, wer't mine own Cause,
I could dispense : But loaden with my Friends Trust,
I must go on through general Massacrees
As much I fear —

1. *Con.* Do ye hear, Sir ; for Heaven's sake
Let me request one Favour of you.

Fred. Yes any Thing.

1. *Con.* This Gentleman I find is too resolute,
Too hot, and fiery for the Cause, as ever
You did a virtuous Deed, for Honour's sake
Go with him and allay him, your fair Temper
And noble Disposition, like wish'd Showers,
May quench those kindling Fires.

Fred. I will do it.
And 'tis a wise Consideration,
To me, a bounteous Favour : Hark ye *John*,
I will go with ye.

Job. No.

Fred. Indeed I will,
Ye go upon a Hazard ; no denial ;
For as I live I'll go :

Job. Then make ye ready,
For I am strait a Horse-back.

Fred. My Sword on, and
I am as ready as you : The old Gentlewoman
Shall wait on ye, she is Discreet and Secret,
Ye may trust her in all Points.

1. *Con.* Ye are Noble ;
And so I take my leave.

Job. I hope, Lady, a happy Issue for all this.

1. *Con.* All Heaven's Care upon ye, and my Prayers.

Job. So,
Now my Mind's at rest.

Fred. Away, 'tis late, *John*.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

SCENE II.

Enter ANTONIO, Surgeon, and a Gentleman.

Gent. What Symptoms do ye find in him ?

Sur. None, Sir, dangerous, if he'd be rul'd.

Gent. Why ! what does he do ?

Sur. Nothing that he should. First, he will let no Liquor down but Wine, and then he has a Fancy, that he must be dreft always to the Tune of *John Dory* ?

Gent. How ? to the Tune of *John Dory* ?

Sur. Why ? he will have Fidlers, and make them Play and Sing it to him all the while.

Gent. An odd Fancy, indeed.

Ant. Give me some Wine.

Sur. I told you so. — 'Tis Death, Sir.

Ant. 'Tis a Horse, Sir. Dost think I shall recover with the help of Barley Water only ?

Gent. Fie, Antonio, you must be govern'd.

Ant. Why, Sir ? he feeds me with nothing but rotten Roots, and drown'd Chickens, stew'd *Pericraniums* and *Pia-matters*, and when I go to Bed, (by Heaven 'tis true, Sir) he rowsl me up in Lints with Labels at 'em, that I am just the Man i'th' Almanack, my Head and Face is *Arise* place.

Sur. Will't please ye to let your Friends see you open'd ?

Ant. Will't please you, Sir, to give me a Bumper ? I feel my Body open enough for that. Give it me, or I'll die upon thy Hand, and spoil thy Custom.

Sur. How, a Bumper ?

Ant. Why look ye, Sir, thus I am us'd still, I can get nothing that I want. In how long Time canst thou Cure me ?

Sur. In forty F.

Ant. I'll have a Dog, shall lick me whole in twenty. In how long canst thou kill me ?

Sur. Presently.

Ant. Don't, then, be shorter, and the easier Way.

Gent. You are a bold Gentleman.

Ant. Man I must have Business ; this foolish Fellow hinders himself ; I have a dozen Refuses to hurt within these five Days. Good Man mender stop me up with Parley like stun'd Beef, and let me walk abroad.

Sur. Ye shall walk shortly.

Ant. I will walk presently, Sir, and leave your Salads there, your green Salves and your Oils, I'll to my old Diet again, strong Food, and rich Wine, and try what that will do.

Sur. Well, go thy ways, thou art the maddest old Fellow I e'er yet met with. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter 1. CONSTANTIA and Landlady.

1. *Con.* I have told ye all I can, and more than yet Those Gentlemen know of me ; but are they Such strange Creatures say you ?

Land. There's the younger, *Don John*, the errant'ſt *Jack* in all this City : The other, Time has blasted, yet H'as been a Dragon in his Days. But, *Don John* Is the Devil himself.

He flies at all ; Bastards upon my Conscience, He has now in making Multitudes : The last Night He brought Home one ; I pity her that bore it, But we are all weak Vessels, some rich Woman (For wife I dare not call her) was the Mother, For it was hung with Jewels, the bearing Cloth No less than Crimson Velvet.

1. *Con.* How ?

Land. 'Tis true, indeed.

1. *Con.* Was it a Boy too ?

Land. A brave Boy.

1. *Con.* May I see it ?

For there is a Neighbour of mine, a Gentlewoman, Has had a late Mischance, which willingly I would know further of ; now if you please To be so courteous to me.

Land. Ye shall see it : But what do you think of these Men now ye know 'em ? Be Wise,

Ye may repent too late else ; I but tell ye For your own good, and as you will find it, Lady.

1. *Con.* I am advis'd.

Land.

Land. No more Words then ; do that,
And instantly, I told ye of, be ready.

Don John, I'll fit ye for your Frumps.

[*Aside.*]

1. Con. But shall I see this Child ?

Land. Within this half Hour,
Let's in, and make all ready.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter PETRUCHIO, DON JOHN, and FREDERICK.

Job. Sir, he is worth your knowledge, and a
Gentleman

(If I that so much love him, may commend him)
That's full of honour; and one, if foul play
Should fall upon us, (for which Fear I brought him)
Will not fly back for phillips.

Petr. Ye much honour me,
And once more I pronounce ye both mine.

Fred. Stay, what Troop
Is that below i'th' Valley there ?

Job. Hawking I take it.

Petr. They are so; 'tis the Duke's; 'tis even he,
Gentlemen.

Fred. I think too
He bends up this way.

Petr. So he does.

Job. Stand you still,
Within that Covert, till I call: he comes
Forward; here will I wait him: to your places.

Petr. I need no more instruct ye ?

Job. Fear me not. [*Exit Petruchio and Frederick.*]

Enter Duke and his Faction.

Duk. Feed the Hawks up,
We'll fly no more to Day: O my blest Fortune !
Have I so fairly met the Man ?

Job. Ye have, Sir,
And him ye know by this.

Duk. Sir, all the Honour,
And Love —————

Job. I do beseech your Grace stay there, and
Dismiss your Train a little.

Duk. Walk aside,
And out of hearing I command ye: now Sir
Be plain.

Job. I will, and short;
Ye have wrong'd a Gentleman, beyond all Justice,
Beyond the Mediation of all Friends.

Duk. The Man, and manner of wrong?

Job. The Man Petruchio;
The wrong, ye have dishonour'd his Sister.

Duk. Now stay you, Sir,
And hear me a little: This Gentleman's
Sister that you nam'd, 'tis true I have long lov'd,
As true I have enjoy'd her: no less Truth
I have a Child by her. But that she, or he,
Or any of that Family are tainted,
Suffer Disgrace, or Ruin, by my Pleasures,
I wear a Sword to satisfy the World, no,
And him too when he pleases; for know, Sir,
She's my Wife, contracted before Heaven,
Nor will I fly from that Name, which long since
Had had the Churches Approbation,
But for his jealous Nature.

Job. Your Pardon, Sir; I am fully satisfy'd.

Duk. Dear Sir, I knew I should convert ye; had we
But that rough Man here now too —

Job. And ye shall Sir.
What hoa, hoo.

Duk. I hope ye have laid no Ambush?

Enter PETRUCHIO.

Job. Only Friends.

Duk. My noble Brother welcome:
Come, put your Anger by, we'll have no fighting
Unless you will maintain I am unworthy
To bear that Name.

Petr. Do you speak this heartily?

Duk. Upon my Soul, and truly; the first Priest
Shall put you out of Doubt.

Petr. Now I love ye;

And

And I beseech ye pardon my suspicions,
 You are now more than a Brother, a brave Friend too.
 Job. The good Man's over-joy'd.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. How now, how goes it?

Job. Why, the Man has his Mare again, and all's well:

The Duke professes freely he's her Husband.

Fred. 'Tis a good hearing.

Job. Yes, for modest gentlemen. I must present ye:

May it please your Grace

To number this brave Gentleman, my Friend

And noble Kinsman, amongst the rest of your Servants.

Duk. O my brave Friend! you shower your Bound-
 ties on me:

Amongst my best Thoughts Signior, in which Num-
 ber

You being worthily dispos'd already,

May freely place your Friend.

Fred. Your Grace does me a great deal of Honour.

Petr. Why, this is wond'rous happy: But now
 Brother,

Now comes the Bitter to our Sweet: *Constantia*.

Duk. Why, what of her?

Petr. Nor what, nor where do I know:

Wing'd with her fears, last Night, beyond my know-
 ledge,

She quit my House, but whither —

Fred. Let not that —

Duk. No more, good Sir, I have heard too much.

Petr. Nay fink not,

She cannot be so lost.

Fred. Nor shall not, Gentlemen;
 Be free again, the Lady's found; that Smile, Sir,
 Shews you distrust your Servant.

Duk. I do beseech ye.

Job. Ye shall believe me, by my Soul she's safe.

Duk. Heaven knows I would believe, Sir.

Fred. Ye may safely.

Job. And under noble Usage: this Gentleman,
Met her in all her Doubts last Night, and to his Guard
(Her Fears being strong upon her) she gave her Per-
son;

Who waited on her, to our Lodging; where all re-
spect,

Civil and honest Service now attend her.

Petr. Ye may believe now.

Duk. Yes I do, and strongly;

Well, my good Friends, or rather my good Angels,
For ye have both preserv'd me; when these Favours
Die in your Friends Remembrance —

Job. Good your Grace,
Lose no more Time in Compliments, 'tis too precious,
I know it by myself, there can be no Hell
To his that hangs on Hope.

Petr. He's right.

Fred. To Horse again then, for this Night I'll
crown
With all the Joys ye wish for.

Petr. Happy Gentlemen.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter FRANCISCO, and a Man.

Fran. This is the maddest Mischief, never Fool was
so sub'd off as I am, made ridiculous, and to myself,
to be my own Ass; trust a Woman, I'll trust the De-
vil first, for he dares be better than his Word some-
times. Pray tell me, in what Observance have I e'er
fail'd her?

Man. Nay, you can tell that best yourself.

Fran. Let me consider.

Enter Don FREDERICK and Don JOHN.

Fred. Let them talk, we'll go on before.

Fran. Where didst thou meet *Constantia*, and this
Woman?

Fred. *Constantia*! What are these Fellows? Stay
by all Means.

Man. Why, Sir, I met her in the great Street that
comes from the Market-place, just at the turning by
a Goldsmith's Shop.

Fred.

Fred. Stand still, *John*.

Fran. Well, *Constantia* has spun herself a fair thread now: what will her best Friend think of this?

Fred. *John*, I smell some jugling, *John*.

Job. Yes, *Frederick*, I fear it will be prov'd so.

Fran. But what should the Reason be dost think of this so sudden change in her?

Fred. 'Tis she.

Man. Why, truly I suspect she has been entic'd to it by a Stranger.

Job. Did you mark that, *Frederick*?

Fran. Stranger? Who?

Man. A young Gentleman that's newly come to Town.

Fred. Mark that too.

Job. Yes, Sir.

Fran. Why do you think so?

Man. I heard her grave Conductress twattle something as they went along, that makes me guess it.

Job. 'Tis she, *Frederick*.

Fred. But who that he is, *John*.

Fran. I do not doubt to bolt 'em out, for they must certainly be about the Town. Ha! no more Words; come, let's be gone. [Exit *Fran.* and *Man.*]

Fred. Well.

Job. Very well.

Fred. Discreetly.

Job. Finely carry'd.

Fred. Ye have no more of these Tricks?

Job. Ten to one, Sir, I shall meet with 'em if ye have.

Fred. Is this fair?

Job. Was it not in your Friends Part to deal double?

I am no *Afs*, *Don Frederick*.

Fred. And, *Don John*, it shall appear I am no Fool, thus to betray my Confidence: 'tis base.

Job. 'Tis false: I privy to this Dog-trick? Clear yourself, for I know well enough where the Wind fits, or as I have a life —

[*Trample* within.

Fred.

Fred. No more, they are coming, shew no Discontent, let's quietly away; if she be at home our Jealousies are over, if not, you and I must have a farther Parly, *John*.

Job. Yes, *Don Frederick*, ye may be sure we shall: but where are those Fellows? Pox on't, we have lost them too in our Spleens, like Fools.

Enter Duke and PETRUCHIO.

Duk. Come, Gentlemen, let's go a little faster; Suppose you have all Mistresses, and mend Your pace accordingly.

Job. Sir, I should be as glad of a Mistress as another Man.

Fred. Yes, o' my Conscience would'ft thou, and of any other Man's Mistress too; that I'll answer for.

S C E N E V.

Enter ANTONIO and his Man.

Ant. With all my Gold?

Man. The Trunk broke open, and all gone.

Ant. And the Mother in the Plot?

Man. And the Mother and all.

Ant. And the Devil and all: a Plague go with 'em: belike they thought I was no more of this World, and those Trifles would but disturb my Conscience.

Man. Sure they thought, Sir, you would not live to disturb them.

Ant. Well, my sweet Mistress, I'll try how handsomely your Ladyship can hang upon a pair of Gallows: no Tidings where they are.

Man. None, Sir: yet we have search'd all Places we suspected; I believe they have taken towards the Port.

Ant. Get me then a Water-Conjurer, one that can raise Water-Devils, I'll Port 'em, play at Duck and Drake with my Money? Get me a Conjurer, I say, enquire out a Man that lets out Devils.

Man. I don't know where.

Ant.

Ant. In every Street, *Tom Fool*, any blear-ey'd People with red Heads and flat Noses can perform it. Thou shalt know 'em by their half Gowns, and no Breeches. Find me out a Conjurer, I say, and learn his Price, how he will let his Devils out by the Day. I'll have 'em again if they be above Ground.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter Duke, PETRUCHIO, FREDERICK, and JOHN.

Petr. Your Grace is welcome now to *Naples*; so ye are all, Gentlemen.

Job. Don *Frederick*, will you step in, and give the Lady Notice who comes to visit her?

Petr. Bid her make haste, we come to see no curious Wench, a Night-gown will serve her turn. Here's one that knows her nearer.

Fred. I'll tell her what you say, Sir. [Exit.

Petr. Now will the Sport be to observe her Alterations, how betwixt Fear and Joy, she will behave herself.

Duk. Dear Brother, I must entreat you——

Petr. I conceive your Mind, Sir, I will not chide her.

Enter FREDERICK and PETER.

Job. How now?

Fred. Not to abuse your Patience, nor hold ye off with tedious Circumstance; ye must know——

Pet. What?

Duk. Where is she?

Fred. Gone, Sir.

Duk. How?

Pet. What did you say, Sir?

Fred. Gone: by Heaven remov'd. The Woman of the House too.

Pet. What, that reverend old Woman that tir'd me with Compliments?

Fred. The very same.

Job. Well, Don *Frederick*.

Fred. Don *John*, it is not well. But——

Petr.

Pet. Gone?

Fred. This Fellow can satisfy I speak Truth.

Pet. A little after my Master was departed, Sir, with this Gentleman, my Fellow and myself being sent on Busines, as we must think on Purpose

Pet. Hang these Circumstances, they always serve to usher in ill Ends.

Job. Now could I eat that Rogue, I am so angry. Gone?

Fred. Directly gone, fled, shifted, what would you ha' me say?

Duk. Well, Gentlemen, wrong not my good Opinion.

Fred. For your Dukedom, Sir, I would not be a Knave.

Job. He that is, a Rot run in his Blood.

Pet. But hark ye, Gentlemen, are ye sure ye had her here? Did ye not dream this?

Job Have you your Nose, Sir?

Pet. Yes, Sir.

Job. Then we had her.

Pet. Since ye are so short, believe your having her shall suffer more Construction.

Job. Well, Sir, let it suffer.

Fred. How to convince ye, Sir, I can't imagine, but my Life shall justify my Innocence, or fall with it.

Duk. Thus then—for we may be all abus'd.

Pet. 'Tis possible.

Duk. Here, let's part until To-morrow this time; we to our Way, to clear this Doubt, and you to yours. Pawning our honours then to meet again? When if she be not found—

Fred. We stand engag'd to answer any worth Way we are call'd to.

Duk. We ask no more.

Pet. To-morrow certain.

Job. If we out live this Night, Sir.

[Exit Duke and Petruchio.

Fred. Come, Don *Job*, we have somewhat now to do.

Job.

Job. I am sure I would have.

Fred. If she be not found we must fight.

Job. I am glad on't, I have not fought a great while.

Fred. If we die —————

Job. There's so much Money sav'd in Whoring.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter 2. CONSTANTIA and her Mother.

Mot. **H**O L D, *Con.*, hold, for goodness hold, I am in that Deser'tion of Spirit, for want of Breath, that I am almost reduc'd to the Necessity of not being able to defend myself against the Inconvenience of a Fall.

2. Con. Dear Mother, let us go a little faster to secure ourselves from *Antonio*; for my part I am in that terrible Fright, that I can neither think, speak, nor stand still, 'till we are safe a Ship board, and out of Sight of the Shore.

Mot. Out of Sight o'the Shore? Why, do ye think I'll depatriate?

2. Con. Depatriate? What's that?

Mot. Why, ye Fool ye, leave my Country: what, will you never learn to speak out of the vulgar Road?

2. Con. O Lord, this hard Word will undo us.

Mot. As I am a Christian, if it were to save my honour (which is ten thousand times dearer to me than my Life) I would not be guilty of so odious a Thought.

2. Con. Pray Mother, since your honour is so dear to ye, consider that if we were taken, both it and we are lost for ever.

Mot. Ay, Girl, but what will the World say, if they should hear so odious a thing of us, as that we should depurate?

2. Con. Ay, there's it, the world; why, Mother, the World does not care a Pin if both you and I were hang'd; and that we shall be certainly, if *Antonio* takes us, for running away with his Gold.

Mot. Protest! care not, I'll ne'er depart on the demarches of a Person of Quality; and let come

will, I shall rather choose to submit myself to my Fate, than strive to prevent it by any deportment that is not Congruous in every Degree to the Steps and Measures of a strict Practitioner of Honour.

2. *Con.* Would not this make one stark mad? Her Stile is not more out of the way, than her Manner of reasoning; she first sells me to an ugly old Fellow, then she runs away with me and all his Gold, and now like a strict Practitioner of Honour, resolves to be taken, rather than depatriate, as she calls it.

Mot. As I am a Christian, *Con*, a Tavern, and a very decent Sign; I'll in I am resolv'd, though by it I should run a Risk of never so stupendious a Nature.

2. *Con.* There's no stopping her: what shall I do?

Mot. I'll send for my Kinswoman and some Musick, to revive me a little; for really, *Con*, I am reduc'd to that sad imbecility by the Injury I have done my poor Feet, that I'm in a great incertitude whether they will have liveliness sufficient to support me up to the top of the Stairs, or no. Come up, *Con*, the Fiddles are here. [Mother looks out at the Window.

2. *Con.* I come—

I must be gone, though whither I cannot tell; these Fiddles, and her discreet Companions will quickly make an end of all she has stolen, and then five hundred new Pieces sells me to another old Fellow. She has taken care not to leave me a Farthing; yet I am so, better than under her Conduct: 'twill be at worst but begging for my Life.

*And starving were to me an easier Fate
Than to be forc'd to live with one I hate.*

[Goes up to her Mother.

S C E N E II.

Enter Don JOHN.

Job. It will not out of my Head but that Don *Frederick* has sent away this Wench, for all he carries it

so gravely: yet methinks he should be honester than so; but these grave Men are never touch'd upon such Occasions: mark it when ye will, and you'll find a grave Man, especially if he pretend to be a precise Man, will do ye forty things without Remorse, that would startle one of us mad Fellows to think of. Because they are familiar with Heaven in their Prayers, they think they may be bold with it in any thing else: now we that are not so well acquainted, bear greater Reverence.

[Musick plays above.]

What's here, Musick and Women? Would I had one of 'em.

[One of 'em looks out at the Window.]

That's a Whore; I know it by her Smile. O' my Conscience take a Woman masked and hooded, nay, cover'd all o'er, so that ye cannot see one bit of her, and at Twelve Score Yards Distance, if she be a Whore, as ten to one she is, I shall know it certainly; I have an Instinct within me never fails.

[Another looks out.]

Ah, Rogue! she's right, right as my Leg.

Mot. (above) Come, come let's dance in t'other Room, 'tis a great deal better.

Job. Say you so? What now if I should go up and dance too? It is a Tavern. Pox o' this Busines: I'll in I am resolv'd, and try my Fortune; 'tis hard Luck if I don't get one of 'em.

As he goes to the Door, 2. CONSTANTIA enters.

See, here's one bolted out already: fair Lady, whither so fast?

2. *Con.* I don't know, Sir.

Job. May I have the honour to wait upon you?

2. *Con.* Yes, if you please, Sir.

Job. Whither?

2. *Con.* I tell ye I don't know.

Job. She's very quick. Would I might be so happy as to know you, Lady.

2. *Con.*

2. Con. I dare not let you see my Face, Sir.

Job. Why?

2. Con. For fear you should not like it, and then leave me, for to tell you true, I have at this present very great need of you.

Job. If thou haft half so much need of me, as I have of you, I'll be hang'd though.

2. Con. A proper handsome Fellow this! If he'd but love me now, I would never seek out further. Sir, I am young, and unexperienced in the World.

Job. Nay, if thou art young, it's no great Matter what thy Face is.

2. Con. Perhaps this Freedom in me may seem strange; but, Sir, in short, I'm forc'd to fly from one I hate; if I should meet him, will you here promise he shall not take me from you?

Job. Yes, that I will, before I see your Face, your Shape has charm'd me enough for that already; if any one takes ye from me, Lady, I'll give him Leave to take from me too, — (I was going to name 'em,) certain Things of mine, that I would not lose, now I have you in my Arms, for all the Gems in Christendom.

2. Con. For Heaven's Sake then conduct me to some Place where I may be secur'd a while from the Sight of any one whatsoever.

Job. By all the Hopes I have to find thy Face as lovely as thy Shape, I will.

2. Con. Well, Sir, I believe ye, for you have an honest Look.

Job. 'Slid I am afraid Don *Frederick* has been giving her a Character of me too. Come, pray unmask.

2. Con. Then turn away your Face; for I'm resolv'd you shall not see a Bit of mine, 'till I have set in Order, and then —

Job. What?

2. Con. I'll strike you dead.

Job. A mettled Whore, I warrant her. Come, if she be now but young, and have but a Nose on her Face, she'll be as good as her Word: I'm e'en panting for Breath already.

2. *Con.* Now stand your Ground if you dare.

Job. By this Light, a rare Creature! ten thousand Times handsomer than her we seek for! This can be sure no common one. Pray Heaven she be a Whore.

2. *Con.* Well, Sir, what say ye now?

Job. Nothing; I'm so amaz'd, I am not able to speak. Pr'ythee, my dear sweet Creature, go with me into that Corner, that thou and I may talk a little in private.

2. *Con.* No, Sir, no private Dealing, I beseech you.

Job. 'Sheart, what shall I do? I'm out of my Wits for her. Hark ye, my dear Soul, canst thou love me?

2. *Con.* If I could, what then?

Job. Why, then should I be the happiest Man alive.

2. *Con.* Hark ye, Sir, I am not worth a Groat; but though you should not be so neither, if you'll but love me, I'll follow ye all the World over; I'll work for ye, beg for ye, do any Thing for ye

Job. O Heaven's, I'm in another World; this Wench sure was made a Purpose for me, she is just of my Humour. My Dear, 'tis impossible for me to say how much I will do for thee, thou sweet bewitching Woman. But let's make Haste home. *Excunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter FREDERICK and FRANCISCO.

Fred. And art thou sure it was *Constantia*, say'st thou, that he was leading?

Fran. Am I sure I live, Sir? Why, I dwelt in the House with her; how can I chuse but know her?

Fred. But didst thou see her Face?

Fran. Lord, Sir, I saw her Face as plainly as I see your's just now, not two Streets off.

Fred. Perhaps, though he met her by Chance, and intends to carry her to her Brother and the Duke.

Enter DON JOHN, and 2. CONSTANTIA.

A little Time will shew.—Ha! here he is; I'll step behind this Shop, and observe him.

Job.

Job. Here, now go in, and make me for ever happy.

Fred. Dear Don *John*.

Job. A Pox o' your Kindness; how the Devil comes he here just at this Time? Now will he ask me forty foolish Questions, and I have such a Mind to this Wench, that I cannot think of one Excuse for my Life.

Fred. Your Servant, Sir: Pray who's that you lock'd in just now at that Door?

Job. Why, a Friend of mine that's gone up to read a Book.

Fred. A Book? that's a queint one i' faith: Pr'y-thee, Don *John*, what Library haft thou been buying this Afternoon? for i' th' Morning, to my Knowledge, thou hadst never a Book there, except it were an Almanack, and that was none of thy own neither.

Job. No, no, 'tis a Book of his own he brought along with him. A Scholar that is giving to reading.

Fred. And do Scholars, Don *John*, wear Petticoats now-a-days?

Job. Plague on him, he has seen her.—Well, Don *Frederick*, that know'ft I am not good at lying, 'tis a Woman, I confess it, make your best on't, what then?

Fred. Why, then, Don *John*, I desire you'll be pleas'd to let me see her.

Job. Why, Faith, *Frederick*, I should not be against the Thing, but ye know, a Man must keep his Word, and she has a Mind to be private.

Fred. But, *John*, you may remember when I met a Lady so before, this very self-same Lady too, that I got Leave for you to see her, *John*.

Job. Why, do ye think then that this here is *Constantia*?

Fred. I cannot properly say I think it, *John*, because I know it; this Fellow here saw her as you led her i' th' Streets.

Job. Well, and what then? Who does he say she is?

Fred. Ask him, Sir, and he'll tell ye.

Job. Sweet-heart, dost thou know this Lady?

Fran. I think I should, Sir, I ha' liv'd long enough in the House with her to know her sure.

Job. And how do they call her, pr'ythee?

Fran. *Constantia.*

Job. How! *Constantia*?

Fran. Yes, Sir, the Woman's Name is *Constantia*; that's flat.

Job. Is it so, Sir? and so is this too. [Strikes him.

Fran. Oh, Oh. [Runs out.

Job. Now, Sirrah, you may safely say you have not borne false Witness for nothing.

Fred. Fie, Don *John*, why do you beat the poor Fellow for doing his Duty, and telling Truth?

Job. Telling Truth? thou talk'st as if thou had'st been hir'd to bear false Witness too: Ye are a very fine Gentleman.

Fred. What a strange Confidence he has? But is there no Shame in thee? nor no Consideration of what is just or honest, to keep a Woman thus against her Will, that thou know'st is in Love with another Man too; do'st think a Judgment will not follow this?

Job. Good, dear *Frederick*, do thou keep thy Sentences and thy Morals for some better Opportunity, this here is not a fit Subject for 'em: I tell thee, she is no more *Constantia* than thou art.

Fred. Why won't you let me see her then?

Job. Because I can't: Besides, she is not for thy Turn.

Fred. How so?

Job. Why, thy *Genius* lies another Way; thou art for Flames, and Darts, and those fine Things: Now, I am for the old plain downright Way; I am not so curious, *Frederick*, as thou art.

Fred. Very well, Sir; but is this worthy in you to endeavour to debauch —

Job. But is there no Shame? But is this worthy? What a many Buts are here? If I should tell thee now solemnly thou hast but one Eye, and give thee Reasons for it, would'st thou believe me?

Fred.

Fred. I think hardly, Sir, against my own Knowledge.

Job. Then, why do'st thou, with that grave Face, go about to perswade me against mine? You should do as you would be done by, *Frederick*.

Fred. And so I will, Sir, in this very Particular, since there's no other Remedy; I shall do that for the Duke and *Petruchio*, which I should expect from them upon the like Occasion: In short, to let you see I am as sensible of my Honour, as you can be careless of your's, I must tell ye, Sir, that I'm resolv'd to wait upon this Lady to them.

Job. Are ye so, Sir? Why, I must then, sweet Sir, tell you again, I am resolv'd you shan't. Ne'er stare, nor wonder, I have promis'd to preserve her from the Sight of any one whatsoever, and with the Hazard of my Life, will make it good; but that you may not think I mean an Injury to *Petruchio*, or the Duke, know, *Don Frederick*, that though I love a Wench perhaps a little better, I hate to do a Thing that's base, as much as you do. Once more upon my Honour this is not *Constantia*, let that satisfy you.

Fred. All that will not do. — [Goes to the Door.

Job. No? why then this shall. — [Draws. Come not one Step nearer, for if thou do'st, by Heaven it is thy last.

Fred. This is an Insolence beyond the Temper of a Man to suffer; — thus I throw off thy Friendship, and since thy Folly has provok'd my Patience beyond its natural Bounds, know it is not in thy Power now to save thyself.

Job. That's to be try'd, Sir, tho' by your Favour.

[Looks up to the Window.

Mistress what you call 'em, — pr'ythee look out now a little, and see how I'll fight for thee.

Fred. Come, Sir, are you ready?

Job. Toutjour's pret.

[Fight.

SCENE IV.

Enter Duke and PETRUCHIO.

Petr. What's here fighting? let's part 'em. How? Don Frederick against Don John? How came you to fall out, Gentlemen? What's the Cause?

Fred. Why, Sir, it is your Quarrel, and not mine, that drew this on me: I saw him lock *Constantia* up into that House, and I desir'd to wait upon her to you; that's the Cause.

Duk. O, it may be he design'd to lay the Obligation upon us himself. Sir, we are beholden to you for this Favour, beyond all Possibility of—

Job. Pray, Sir, do not throw away your Thanks before you know whether I have deserv'd 'em or no. O, is that your Design? Sir, you must not go in there.

[Petruchio's going to the Door.

Petr. How, Sir, not go in?

Job. No, Sir, most certainly not go in.

Petr. She's my Sister, and I will speak with her.

Job. If she were your Mother, Sir, you should not, though it were but to ask her Blessing.

Petr. Since you are so positive, I'll try.

Job. You shall find me a Man of my Word, Sir.

[Fight.

Duk. Nay, pray, Gentlemen, hold, let me compose this Matter. Why do you make a Scruple of letting us see *Constantia*?

Job. Why, Sir, 'twould turn a Man's Head round to hear these Fellows talk so; there is not one Word true of all that he has said.

Duk. Then you do not know where *Constantia* is?

Job. Not I, by Heaven's.

Fred. O monstrous Impudence! Upon my Life, Sir, I saw him shut her up into that House, and know his Temper so, that if I had not stop'd him, I dare swear by this Time he would have ravish'd her.

Job. Now that is two Lies: For first he did not see her, and next the Lady I led in is not to be ravish'd, she is so willing.

Duk.

Duk. But look ye, Sir, this Doubt may easily be clear'd; let either *Petruchio* or I but see her, and if she be not *Constantia*, we engage our Honours (tho' we should know her) never to discover who she is.

Job. I, but there's the Point now, that I can ne'er consent to.

Duk. Why?

Job. Because I gave her my Word to the contrary.

Duk. And did you never break your Word with a Woman?

Job. Never before I lay with her; and that's the Case now.

Petr. Pish, I won't be kept off thus any longer: Sir, either let me enter, or I'll force my Way.

Fred. No, pray, Sir, let that be my Office, I will be reveng'd on him for having betray'd me to his Friendship.

[Petruchio and Frederick offer to fight with John.

Duk. Nay, ye shall not offer him foul Play neither. Hold, Brother, pray a Word; and with you too, Sir.

Job. Pox on't, would they wou'd make an End of this Busines, that I might be with her again. Hark ye, Gentlemen, I'll make ye a fair Proposition; leave off this Ceremony among yourselves, and those dismal Threats against me, phillip up, cross or pile, who shall begin first, and I'll do the best I can to entertain ye all one after another.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Now, do my Fingers itch to be about some Body's Ears for the Loss of my Gold. Ha! what's here to do, Swords drawn? I must make one, tho' it cost me the singing of ten *John Dory*'s more. Courage, brave Boy, I'll stand by thee as long as this Tool here lasts; and it was once a good one.

Petr. Who's this? *Antonio*? O, Sir, you are welcome, you shall be e'en Judge between us.

Ant.

Ant. No, no, no, not I, Sir, I thank ye; I'll make Work for others to judge of, I'm resolv'd to fight.

Petr. But we won't fight with you.

Ant. Then put up your Swords, or by this Hand I'll lay about me.

Job. Well said, old *Bilbo*, i'faith.

[*They put up their Swords.*]

Petr. Pray hear us though: This Gentleman saw him lock up my Sister into that House, and he refuse to let us see her.

Ant. How, Friend? Is this true?

Job. Nay, good Sir, let not our Friendship be broken before it is well made. Look ye, Gentlemen, to shew ye that you are all mistaken, and that my formal Friend there is an *Afs*.

Fred. I thank you, Sir.

Job. I'll give my Consent that this Gentleman here shall see her, if his Information can satisfy you.

Duk. Yes, yes; he knows her very well.

Job. Then, Sir, go in here if you please; I dare trust him with her, for he's too old to do her either Good or Harm.

Fred. I wonder how my Gentleman will get off from all this.

Job. I shall be even with you, Sir, another Time, for all your grinning.

Enter a Servant.

How now? Where is he?

Serv. He's run out o'the Back-Door, Sir.

Job. How so?

Serv. Why, Sir, he's run after the Gentlewoman you brought in.

Job. 'Sdeath, how durst you let her out?

Serv. Why, Sir, I knew nothing.

Job. No, thou ignorant Rascal, and therefore I'll beat something into thee. [Beats him.]

Fred. What, you won't kill him?

Job. Nay, come not near me, for, if thou do'it, by Heaven's I'll give thee as much; and would do

so,

so, however, but that I won't lose Time from looking after my dear Sweet — A Pox confound you all.

[Goes in and shuts the Door after him.

Duk. What? he has shut the Door.

Fred. It's no Matter, I'll lead you to a private Backway by that Corner, where we shall meet him.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter ANTONIO's Servant, Constables and Officers.

Serv. **A** Young Woman, say'st thou, and her Mother? It must be they. Here, Friend, here's Money for you; be sure you take 'em, and I'll reward you better when you have done.

Conft. But, Neighbour, how,—hup,—shall I now,—hup,—know these,—these Parties? For, I would,—hup,—execute my Office,—hup,—like,—hup,—a sober Person.

Man. That's hard; but you may easily know the Mother, for she is,—hup,—drunk.

Conft. Nay,—hup,—if she be drunk, let,—hup,—me alone to maul her; for,—hup,—I abhor a Drunkard,—hup,—let it be, Man,—Woman, or,—hup,—Child.

Man. Ay, Neighbour, one may see you hate drinking, indeed.

Conft. Why, Neighbour,—hup,—did you ever see me drunk? answer me that Question: Did you ever,—hup,—see me drunk?

Man. No, never, never: Come away, here's the House. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Enter 1. CONSTANTIA.

1. *Con.* Oh, whither shall I run to hide myself! The Constable has seiz'd the Landlady, and I'm afraid the poor Child too. How to return to Don Frederick's House, I know not; and if I knew, I durst not, after those Things the Landlady has told me of him. If I get not from this drunken Rabble, I expose my Honour; and if I fall into my Brother's Hands, I lose my Life: You Powers above, look down

down and help me, I am faulty I confess, but greater faults have often met with lighter punishments :

*Then let not heavier yet on me be laid,
Be what I will, I am still what you have made.*

Enter DON JOHN.

JOB. I'm almost dead with running, and will be so quite, but I will overtake her.

1. CON. Hold, DON JOHN, hold.

JOB. Who's that? Ha? is it you my Dear?

1. CON. For Heaven's sake Sir, carry me from hence, or I'm utterly undone.

JOB. Phoo, pox, this is th' other: now could I almost beat her, for but making me the Proposition: Madam, there are some a coming that will do it a great deal better; but I am in such haste, that I vow to Gad, Madam —

1. CON. Nay, pray, Sir, stay, you are concern'd in this as well as I; for your Woman is taken.

JOB. Ha! my Woman? [Goes back to her.] I vow to Gad, Madam, I do so highly honour your Ladyship, that I would venture my Life a thousand Times to do you Service. But, pray where is she?

1. CON. Why, Sir, she is taken by the Constable.

JOB. Constable! which Way went he? [Rashly.]

1. CON. I cannot tell, for I run out into the Streets just a he had seiz'd upon your Landlady.

JOB. Plague o' my Landlady, I meant t'other Woman.

1. CON. Other Woman, Sir! I have seen no other Woman never since I left your House.

JOB. 'Sheart, what have I been doing here then all this while? Madam, your most humble —

1. CON. Good Sir, be not so cruel, as to leave me in this Distress.

JOB. No, no, no; I'm only going a little Way, and will be back again presently.

1. CON. But, pray, Sir, hear me; I'm in that Danger —

JOB. No, no, no; I vow to Gad, Madam, no Danger i'th' World; let me alone, I warrant you. [Exit.]

1. *Con.* He's gone, and I a lost wretched, miserable Creature, lost for ever.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. O, there she is.

1. *Con.* Who's this, *Antonio*? the fiercest Enemy I have. [Runs out.

Ant. Are ye so nimble-footed Gentleman? If I don't overtake you for all this, it shall go hard—

[*Exit* : running and Re-enter.

She'll break my Wind with a pox to her.

A plague confound all Whores.

[*Exit*.

S C E N E III.

Enter Mother to the 2. CONSTANTIA, and Kinswoman.

Kins. But, Madam, be not so Angry, perhaps she'll come again.

Mot. O, *Kinswoman*, never speak of her more, for she's an odious Creature, to leave me thus i'th' lurch. I that have given her all her Breeding, and instructed her with my own Principles of Education.

Kins. Protest, Madam, I think she's a Person that knows as much of all that, as—

Mot. Knows, *Kinswoman*? There's ne'er a Woman in *Italy* of thrice her Years, knows so much the procedures of true Gadaltry, and the infallible Principles of an honourable Friendship as she does.

Kins. And therefore, Madam, you ought to love her.

Mot. No, fie upon her, nothing at all, as I am a Christian: when once a Person fails in Fundamentals, she's at a Period with me. Besides, with all her Wit, *Constantia* is but a Fool, and calls all the Meniarderies of a bonne mien, Affectation.

Kins. Indeed, I must confess, she's given a little too much to the careleſs way.

Mot. Ay, there you have hit it, *Kinswoman*, the careleſs way has quite undone her. Will ye believe me, *Kinswoman*? as I am a Christian, I never could make

make her do this, nor carry her Body thus, but just when my Eye is upon her; as soon as my Back was turn'd, whip, her Elbows were quite out again: would not you strange now at this?

Kins. Bless me, sweet goodness! But pray, Madam, how came *Constantia* to fall out with your Ladyship? Did she talk any thing ill of you?

Mot. As I'm a Christian I can't resolve you, unless it were that I led the Dance first; but for that she must excuse me; I know the Dances well, but there are others who perhaps understand the right swim of it as well as she;

Enter Don FREDERICK.

And though I love *Constantia* — — —

Fred. How's this? *Constantia*?

Mot. I know no Reason why I should be debarr'd the Priviledge of viewing my own Parts too sometimes.

Fred. If I am not mistaken that other Women as she, Don John and I were directed to, when we came first to Town, to bring us acquainted with *Constantia*. I'll try to get some Intelligence from her. Pray Lady, have I never seen you before?

Kins. Yes, Sir, I think you have, with another Stranger, a Friend of your's, one Day as I was coming out of the Church.

Fred. I'm right then. And pray who were you talking of?

Mot. Why, Sir, of an inconsiderate inconsiderable Person, that has at once both forfeited the Honour of my Concern, and the Concern of her own Honour.

Fred. Very fine indeed. And is all this intended for the beautiful *Constantia*?

Mot. O fie upon her, Sir, an odious Creature, as I'm a Christian, no Beauty at all.

Fred. Why, does not your Ladyship think her handsome?

Mot. Seriously, Sir, I don't think she's ugly, but as I'm a Christian, my Position is, That no true

Beauty can be lodg'd in that Creature, who is not in some Measure buoy'd up with a just sense of what is incumbent to the devoir of a Person of Quality.

Fred. That Position, Madam, is a little severe, but however she has been incumbent formerly, as your Ladyship is pleas'd to say; now that she's Marry'd, and her Husband owns the Child, she is sufficiently justify'd for all she has done.

Mot. Sir, I must blushingly beg leave to say you are there in an Error. I know there has been Passages of Love between 'em, but with a Temperment so innocent, and so refin'd, as it did impose a Negative upon the very Possibility of her being with Child.

Fred. Sure she is not well acquainted with her. Pray, Madam, how long have you known *Constantia*?

Mot. Long enough I think, Sir; for I had the good Fortune, or rather the ill one, to help her first to the light of the World.

Fred. Now cannot I discover by the fineness of this Dialect, whether she be the Mother or the Midwife: I had best ask t'other Woman.

Mot. No, Sir, I assure you, my Daughter *Constantia* has never had a Child: a Child! ha, ha, ha; O goodness save us, a Child!

Fred. O then she is the Mother, and it seem is not inform'd of the Matter. Well Madam, I shall not dispute this with you any further; but give me leave to wait upon you to your Daughter; for her Friend, I assure ye is in great Impatience to see her.

Mot. Friend, Sir? I know none she has; I'm sure she loaths the very sight of him.

Fred. Of whom?

Mot. Why of *Antonio*, Sir, he that you were pleas'd to say had got my Daughter with Child. Sir—ha—ha—ha—

Fred. I tell you I do not know *Antonio*, nor never nam'd him to you: I told you that the Duke has own'd *Constantia* for his Wife, that her Brother and he are Friends, and are both now in search after her.

Mot.

Mot. Then as I'm a Christian, I suspect we have both been equally involv'd in the Misfortune of a Mistake. Sir, I am in the derniere Confusion, to avow that though my Daughter *Constantia* has been liable to several Addresses, yet she never has had the Honour to be produc'd to his Grace.

Fred. So then you put her to Bed to — — —

Mot. Antonio, Sir, one whom my ebb of Fortune forc'd me to enter into a Negotiation with, in reference to my Daughter's Person; but as I'm a Christian with that Candour in the Action, as I was in no kind deny'd to be a Witness of the thing.

Fred. So, now the thing is out. This is a damn'd Bawd, and I as damn'd a Rogue for what I did to Don *John*: for o'my Conscience, this is that *Constantia* the Fellow told me of. I'll make him amends what e'er it cost me. Lady, you must give me leave not to part with you, 'till you meet with your Daughter, for some Reasons I shall tell you hereafter.

Mot. Sir, I am so highly your Oblige for the Manner of your Enquiries, and you have ground-ed your Determinations upon so just a Basis, that I shall not be ashame'd to own myself a Vol-tary to all your Commands. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Enter 2. *CONSTANTIA.*

2. *Con.* So, I'm once more freed from *Antonio*; but whither to go now, there's the Question; no-thing troubles me, but that he was sent up by that young Fellow, for I lik'd him from my Soul, would he had lik'd me so too.

Enter *Don JOHN*, and a Shopkeeper.

Job. Which way went she?

Shop. Who?

Job. The Woman?

Shop. What Woman?

Job. Why, a young Woman, a handsome Woman, the handsomest Woman thou ever saw'it in thy Life: Speak quickly, Sirrah, or thou shalt speak no more.

Shop. Why, yonder's a Woman: what a Devil ails this Fellow? [Exit.]

Job. O my dear Soul, take pity o' me, and give me Comfort, for I'm e'en dead for want of thee.

2. *Con.* O you're a find Gentleman indeed, to shut me up in your House, and send another Man to me.

Job. Pray hear me.

2. *Con.* No, I will never hear you more after such an Injury, what would ye have done if I had been kind to ye, that could use me thus before?

Job. By my Troth that's shrewdly urg'd.

2. *Con.* Besides, you basely broke your Word.

Job. But will ye hear nothing? Nor did you hear nothing? I had three Men upon me at once, and had I not consented to let that old Fellow up, who came to my Rescue, they had all broken in whether I would or no.

2. *Con.* Faith it may be it was so, for I remember I heard a Noise, but suppose it was not so, what then? Why then I'll love him however. Hark ye, Sir, I ought now to use you very scurily, but I can't find in my Heart to do it.

Job. Then God's Blessing on thy Heart for it.

2. *Con.* But a-----

Job. What?

2. *Con.* I would fain -----

Job. I, so would I: come let's go.

2. *Con.* I would fain know whether you can be kind to me.

Job. That thou shalt presently; come away.

2. *Con.* And will you always?

Job. Always? I can't say so; but I will as often as I can,

2. *Con.* Phoo! I mean love me.

Job. Well, I mean that too.

2. *Con.* Swear then.

Job. That I will upon my Knees: What shall I say?

2. *Con.*

2. Con. Nay, use what Words you please, so they be but hearty, and not those are spoken by the Priest, for that Charm seldom proves Fortunate.

Job. I swear then by thy fair self, that look'st so like a Deity, and art the only Thing I now can think of, that I'll adore thee to my dying Day.

2. Con. And here I vow, the Minute thou do'st leave me, I'll leave the World, that's kill myself.

Job. O my dear heavenly Creature! — [Kisses her.] That Kiss now has almost put me into a Swoon, for Heaven's sake let's quickly out of the Streets for fear of another Scuffle. I durst encounter a whole Army for thy sake; but yet methinks I had better try my Courage another Way; what think'st thou?

2. Con. Well, well; why don't you go then?

[As they are going out,

Enter 1. CONSTANTIA, mask'd, and just then ANTONIO seizes upon her.

Job. Who's this, my old new Friend has got there?

Ant. O, have I caught you Gentlewoman at last? Come give me my Gold.

1. Con. I hope he takes me for another, I won't answer, for I had rather he should take me for any one than who I am.

Job. Pray, Sir, who is that you have there by the Hand?

Ant. A Person of Honour, Sir, that has broke open my Trunks, and run away with all my Gold; yet I'll hold Ten Pounds I'll have it whip'd out of her again.

2. Con. Done, I'll hold you Ten Pounds of that now.

Ant. Ha! by my troth you have Reason; and Lady, I ask your Pardon; but I'll have it whip'd out of you then, Gossip.

Job. Hold, Sir, you must not meddle with my Goods.

Ant. Your Goods? How came she to be your's? I am sure I bought her of her Mother, for five Hundred good Pieces of Gold, and she was abed with me all Night too; deny that if you dare.

2. Con.

2. *Con.* Well, and what did you do, when I was abed with you all Night? Confess that if you dare.

Ant. Umph, say you so?

1. *Con.* I'll try whether this Lady will help me, for I know not whither else to go.

Ant. I shall be sham'd I see utterly, except I make her hold her Peace. Pray, Sir by your leave; I hope you will allow me the Speech of one Word with your Goods here, as you call her; 'tis but a small Request.

Job. I, Sir, with all my Heart. How, *Constantia!* Madam, now you have seen that Lady, I hope you will Pardon the haste you met me in a little while ago; if I committed a Fault, you must thank her for it.

1. *Con.* Sir, if you will for her sake, be perswaded to protect me from the Violence of my Brother, I shall have reason to thank you both.

Job. Nay, Madam, now that I am in my Wits again, and my Heart's at ease, it shall go very hard but I will see your's so too; I was before distracted, and 'tis not strange the Love of her should hinder me from rememb'ring what was due to you, since it made me forget myself.

1. *Con.* Sir, I know too well the power of Love, by my own Experience, not to Pardon all the Effects of it in another.

Ant. Well then, I promise you, if you will but help me to my Gold again, (I mean that which you and your Mother stole out of my Trunk) that I'll never trouble you more.

2. *Con.* A Match; and 'tis the best that you and I could ever make.

Job. Pray, Madam, fear nothing; by my Love I'll stand by you, and see that your Brother shall do you no harm.

2. *Con.* Hark ye, Sir, a Word; how dare you talk of Love, or standing by any Lady, but me, Sir?

Job. By my Troth that was a Fault; but I did not mean it your way, I meant it only civilly.

2. *Con.* I, but if you are so very civil a Gentleman we shall not be long Friends: I scorn to share your Love with any one whatsoe'er; and for my part, I'm resolv'd either to have all or nothing.

Job.

Job. Well, my dear little Rogue, thou shalt have it all presently, as soon as we can but get rid of this Company.

2. Con. Phoo, y' are always abusing me.

Enter FREDERICK and Mother.

Fred. Come, now, Madam, let not us speak one Word more, but go quietly about our Busines ; not but that I think it the greatest pleasure in the World to hear you talk, but —

Mot. Do you indeed, Sir ? I swear then good Wits jump, Sir ; for I have thought so myself a very great while.

Fred. You have all the reason imaginable, O, Don *John*, I ask thy Pardon ; but I hope I shall make thee amends ; for I have found out the Mother, and she has promis'd me to help thee to thy Mistress again.

Job. Sir, you may save your labour, the Busines is done, and I am fully satisfy'd.

Fred. And dost thou know who she is ?

Job. No, faith, I never ask'd her Name.

Fred. Why, then, I'll make thee yet more satisfy'd ; this Lady here is that very *Constantia* —

Job. Ha ! thou hast not a mind to be knock'd o'er the Pate too, hast thou ?

Fred. No, Sir, nor dare you do it neither ; but for certain this is that very self-same *Constantia*, that thou, and I, so long look'd after.

Job. I thought she was something more than ordinary ; but shall I tell thee now a stranger Thing than all this ?

Fred. What's that ?

Job. Why, I will never more love any other Woman for her sake.

Fred. Well, I submit ; that indeed is stranger.

2. Con. Come, Mother, deliver your Purse ; I have deliver'd myself up to this young Fellow, and the Bargain's made with that old Fellow, so he may have his Gold again, that all shall be well.

Mot. As I'm a Christian, Sir, I took it away only to have the honour of restoring it again ; for my hard

Fate

Fate having not bestow'd upon me a Fund which might capacitate me to make you Presents of my own, I had no way left for the exercise of my Generosity, but by putting myself into a Condition of giving back what was your's.

Ant. A very generous design indeed. So, now I'll e'en turn a sober Person, and leave off this wenching, and this fighting, for I begin to find it does not agree with me.

Fred. Madam, I'm heartily glad to meet your Ladyship here ; we have been in a very great disorder since we saw you —— What's here, our *Landlady* and the Child again ?

Enter Duke, Petruchio, and Landlady with the Child.

Petr. Yes, we met her going to be whip'd, in a drunken Constable's Hands that took her for another.

Job. Why, then, pray let her e'en be taken and whip'd for herself, for on my word she deserves it.

Land. Yes, I'm sure of your good word at any time.

1. Con. Hark ye, dear *Landlady*.

Land. O sweet Goodness ! is it you ? I have been in such a peck of Troubles since I saw you ; they took me, and they tumbled me, and they haull'd me, and they pull'd me, and they call'd me painted *Jezebel*, and the poor little Babe here did so take on. Come hither, my Lord, come hither ; here is *Constantia*.

1. Con. For Heaven's sake Peace, yonder's my Brother, and if he discovers me, I'm certainly ruin'd.

Duk. No, Madam, there is no danger.

1. Con. Were there a thousand dangers, in those Arms, I would run thus to meet them.

Duk. O, my Dear, it were not safe that any should be here at present, for now my Heart is so oppress'd with Joy, that I should scarce be able to defend thee.

Petr. Sister, I'm so ashamed of all the Faults, which my mistake has made me guilty of, that I know not how to ask your Pardon for them.

1. Con. No, Brother, the Fault was mine, in mistaking you so much, as not to impart the whole truth to

you

you at first; but having begun my love without your Consent, I never durst acquaint you with the progress of it.

Duk. Come, let the Consummation of our present Joys, blot out the memory of all these past Mistakes.

Job. And when shall we consummate our Joys?

z. Con. Never;

We'll find out ways shall make 'em last for ever.

Job. Now see the odds 'twixt marry'd Folks and Friends :

Our Love begins just where their Passion Ends.

E P I L O G U E.

EPilogue.

Perhaps, you Gentlemen, expect to Day,
 The Author of this fag-end of a Play,
 According to the Modern way of Wit,
 Shou'd strive to be before-hand with the Pit,
 Begin to rail at you, and subtly to
 Prevent th' Affront by giving the first blow.
 He wants not Precedents, which often sway
 In matters far more weighty than a Play :
 But he, no grave admirer of a Rule,
 Won't by Example learn to play the Fool.
 The End of Plays should be to entertain,
 And not to keep the Auditors in pain.
 Giving our Price, and for what Trash we please,
 He thinks the Play being done, you should have ease.
 No Wit, no Sense, no Freedom, and a Box,
 Is much like paying Money for the Stocks.
 Besides the Author dreads the strut and mien
 Of new prais'd Poets, having often seen,
 Some of his Fellows, who have writ before,
 When NELL has danc'd her Jig, steal to the Door,
 Hear the Pit clap, and with conceit of that
 Swell, and believe themselves the Lord knows what.
 Most Writers now-a-days are grown so vain,
 That once approv'd, they write, and write again,
 'Till they have writ away the Fame they got ;
 Our Friend this way of writing fancies not,
 And hopes you will not tempt him with your Praise
 To rank himself with some that write new Plays :
 For he knows ways enough to be undone,
 Without the help of Poetry for one.



